# The Thin Line Between Salvation And Suffering

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This is the story of the Peverell brothers, and the creations that seemed so beneficial at first, but ended up being their downfalls.

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**Disclaimer:** I do not own Harry Potter.

**A/N:** For Shira Lansys' 'Speed of Lightning' Competition, Round Seven. It had to be over 1000 words (it's 1,437!), and had to be inspired by the prompt, "All that glitters is not gold".

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It was the greatest item he had ever owned. It was more precious than any gem, and certainly more precious than any person had ever been to him. It was like a diamond, perfect in every single way, though not even a diamond was worth as much.

It had taken years to figure out how to create it, but finally, he had succeeded. Wood of the ancient elder tree, and the tail feather of a thestral… It had been a tricky combination, but he had tried everything else. Antioch was growing weary of the hundreds of near-misses and mistakes he had made trying to create the greatest wand ever to exist. He had been so frightened of death for so long, especially after the incident with the bridge, where he and his brothers had almost drowned only to be saved by a passing, cloaked muggle, that he just could not understand why his ideal wand wouldn't come into fruition.

He wanted something that would stop people from having the ability to kill him, and so he needed to be able to win every duel he ever fought. But it was only when he stopped fearing death, after the death of his father, that he was able to finally put together the wand.

And it was marvellous.

At least, for a while…

It went to his head. He knew he was invincible, and would blindly challenge any man who even dared to look at him strangely. He grew drunk with power, and soon, he just became drunk. With every life he took, the emptier he felt inside. He was growing more and more corrupt, and he was slowly turning into a man he never was before. Outside, he seemed like a strong, powerful wizard, but inside, the wand was turning his soul dark, and his mind rotten.

The elder wand had seemed like such an incredible thing… but now, it was the one thing that was ruining his life.

And it was the one thing that killed him.

One night, he was in a tavern, and like every other night, he challenged some guileless oaf to a duel. He beat him, of course, but again, this guilt and darkness could only be concealed by the haze caused by strong ale and mead. He became boastful and crude, making vulgar comments and talking about how strong and powerful he was. He waved the wand around, not even caring who would see it, but he was a fool.

That night, he fell into a drunken stupor, and left the wand unattended.

And that's how he died.

A man had heard his boasts, and wanted the wand for himself. So he slit Antioch's throat and fled into the night.

Antioch Peverell stared into the darkness, eyes wide and lifeless, and was finally freed from the legacy of the elder wand. It had seemed like such a treasure, but had proven his undoing.

He never could have known the future it lead…

**/peverell/**

She had been the most beautiful, perfect woman he had, and would ever, know. She had coal black hair that she wore braided, and eyes as blue as the twilit sky. She was stunning, and he loved her more than anything. He could not believe that she would love a man like him. But she did, and they were to be married.

Except it never happened.

She died, so tragically, before the union could even be made. Cadmus was so devastated, and he would have whatever it would take to get her back.

He had no idea what he should do though.

There was one day, when he and his brothers were travelling to the next village over to discuss some matters with their mother, when they came across a bridge over a swollen, overflowing river. They tried to cross, but the bridge collapsed, sending them into the wild river. Cadmus half hoped to die, to join his sweet love wherever she was.

But he was saved by a muggle, and he had to live on.

Though he had an idea. He would just need to find a way of bringing her back, and then he could be happy again.

He got to work right away, and though it took a few months, he finally had succeeded in creating his resurrection stone. It was the one thing that could finally get his life back on track.

So he used it, and his love was back, as lovely and sweet as ever, though a little more ethereal.

He was so happy, and he tried to go back to the life they had before.

But it wasn't the same. They couldn't make physical contact, and she was nothing like the girl he used to know. She was sad, constantly, and seemed lost in his world. She was like a ghost, out of place, and

unable to return to her parents and brothers. She was his, but she wasn't her.

She begged, so many times, to go back to the afterlife, where she felt comfortable and fitted in.

He denied her, for weeks, but there was stench in the air, of decay and depression, and neither of them were happy.

So he did the only thing he could. He set her free.

But she wasn't going to go alone. If she wasn't happy here, then he would join her instead. So once she had gone, he set up a noose in the rafters of his barn. He stood onto a stool, put his head through the rope, and let his life end.

It was painful, yes, but the most blissful feeling he ever had. He was going to reunite with his angel, though it was not because of his failure of an invention. The resurrection stone seemed like perfection, but it had only prolonged his heart ache.

It had lengthened his hell…

**/peverell/**

He'd hated his life. It was filled with running and fighting, trying to get away from the men who wanted him dead. He had a gambling problem, and he owed hundreds to various locals in his town. He tried to pay them back, but he always wasted his money, and got himself into more and more debt.

He just needed to be invisible, so no-one could ever find him. Either that, or he'll end up dead.

So he worked on a way of making himself unseen, and as a wizard, he was sure he could find some way, even if it had never been done before. He decided that he would try to find a spell that he would be able to be infused with a cloak so that he could become invisible

whenever he needed to. He tried many spells, until eventually, he succeeded.

It was great at first, and he never had to pay back a single bronze knut.

Soon, they forgot about him, and he could live a peaceful life. But it wasn't the heavenly, free life he had hoped for. He was lonely, and everyone believed he had died somewhere. He often put his cloak on and went to the village, listening to random people's conversations. They never mentioned him. It was as though he never existed. He often felt tempted to reveal himself, but if he did so, they would know he's alive and want their money back.

It was difficult to know what to do, so he just stayed under his cloak. He never saw the family he had created before he made his cloak, and he wasn't sure how they even felt about his departure.

He would have stalked them, watched them, but he was afraid that seeing what he did not have would drive him to the edge.

He was invisible, to everyone, and it was like he was a ghost who haunted the world. He did survive, but it was a long, lonely, drawn out life.

But one day, he was done with everything. He had lived a long life, but it was time now to embrace death.

He left his cloak on his family's doorstep, knowing that hopefully his son could use it in a way that didn't make him lonely. The cloak had only brought despair, yet had also saved his life.

So when he turned away from his family home, and came face to face with the thug that he owed the most money to, Ignotus accepted his death with open arms.

**/peverell/**

The three Peverell brothers had been intelligent beyond compare, but through their inventions, that seemed like salvation at first, came only pain and suffering.

But as they say, all that glitters is not gold…